

The Intelligencer.

THE GRAPE-GATHERERS.

Golden-crested corn is once more on the turn

Cracking and parched is the earth on the

Short-stemmed trees are now showing a

change. Sully's sunshine is hot in the pines.

Tropical plants are beginning to shoot.

Light and breezy are the days in the

orchards are heavy with bright-colored

fruit. The peaches are gathering so

readily. The stream running down to the

plans on the water ripen slowly and steadily.

Nature's decked in her richest costume.

Heavy air with the choicest perfume.

Wafted on wings of the balmy breeze.

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WHEELING, WEST VA., MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1867.

free from any semblance of pride or

haughtiness as if their house had always

been a village minister's house.

He is 48 years old, but looks about 53

or 54. The Grand Duke Michael is very tall

and thin, and has a blue eye, and uncom-

monly straight with anybody and every-

body that came along (they all speak

English) and he did the great officers of

the Empire that were with them. Our

party of Americans who were so dis-

tracted the day before, as to how they

were going to get there, in this severe

trial with credit, suddenly found them-

selves entirely at home and comforta-

ble.

The 15-minute audience pleasantly

augmented itself to half an hour, and

then, instead of dismissing the guests,

the Autocrat of the East, the Russian

family transformed themselves into

ushers, and led our tribe into the pal-

ace dining-room, into the library, the

private chapel, the sitting-room, the

writing-room—all over the estab-

lishment, in fact. I cannot recollect

half the places. There was no hurry

there were plenty of noble Dukes and

Princes, and Admirals to answer ques-

tions, and this part of the programme

was most interesting. When there was

nothing more to see, the Imperial fam-

ily bade the guests good-by. "Till to-

morrow," and we departed for the pal-

ace of the Grand Duke Michael. The

young Grand Duchess, however, went

to another door and, by a narrow pas-

sage, they passed by. If you have

ever called on an Emperor you will

remember that little attentions not

strictly in will were the very ones that

were most interesting. That young girl's

pleasant face, his expression of friendly

interest, and her little bows were not

calculated to make any one feel like a

trespasser. In my own case I

know that I had seldom felt so

little like a nuisance before.

It is singular, but for the moment I

forgot that this little leaving

order was invited to the palace

of the crown-prince of Russia (aged

twenty), and shown all through it with

the same attention of honor as was

the case at his father's mansion.

A drive of twenty miles brought us

to the beautiful park and gardens

of the palace of the Grand Duke

Michael. The first persons we saw

were the Empress and her daughter

Attended by a Fat Woman.

By JOHN QUILL.

I am at the sea-shore, trying to get a

little recreation and to improve my

health; instead of that, I am as likely

to lose my reason as I am to have

ruin my constitution. Adipose female

is my complaint, and I've got it so bad

that sometimes I seriously think of

throwing myself in the water and

floating out to become food for clams.

This is the way it occurs: You see

somebody here, whose name is

acquainted with my father, and whose

pocket-book corresponds, compar-

atively, with the size of his daugh-

ter's.

She, forsooth, is a maiden who as-

sumes to have seen but twenty sum-

mers, and she has collected more hair

and tissue, and so on, on her skeleton

than would serve six ordinary women.

Well, you see this heavy father and

his equally heavy daughter on hands,

and he comes down here and lays for

his chance to throw her over into ma-

son's with some unsuspecting man.

In an evil hour I was induced to bor-

row money from him, and now he

thinks me the most reliable of men.

I prefer the sheriff, but I worry along

with the fat woman until I see a chance

to get rid of her.

You have no idea how trying it is.

Her name is Maria, and she is always

wanting to go into bath. So we go

down to the beach; I walk in my

swimsuit, and she follows me, and she

ow to get out of the bath. When she

comes to the bath house, ten chances

to one that she will rip the clothes

off her in trying to get through the

door, and just as like as not, I've got

to walk back and get a carpenter to

come and take out four or five planks

so as to get her in, and then when she

is in, it is necessary for me to stand

by her while she undresses, and she

will take off her envelopes.

Then she comes out and tries to trip

lightly over the sands. Did you ever

see the elephant dance at the circus?

Well, that's her; she looks more like a

mollusk than a woman, and she's about

as graceful as an octopus.

And she wanted me to teach her to

swim. I told her I held her in the

water while she swam, and she said

that she would put me in the water

and she would swim.

What a nuisance she is!

Jewelry

REMOVAL.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SESSION OF

this well-known seat of learning will

commence on

MONDAY, 30th SEPTEMBER, 1867.

and terminate on the 19th June, 1868. It

is conducted by the Faculty of the

beautiful and healthy hill country of the

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Educational.

Bethany College.

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